EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

CORTHELL SC.

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME.

VOL. III.—No. XX. BOSTON, JUNE 10, 1888. { Entered as second-class mail matter.

A MOTHER'S CARE.

FISHING FOR A BOY.

BY E. D. CHAPMAN.

MALCOLM CARRICK was in the middle class at Sunday-school, and he had a very good teacher, — one whom the boys liked, because they soon found out that she always had something new to tell them; that she knew her lesson before she came, and never referred to a book; and to crown all, that she could draw on a blackboard men and things which looked like the objects they represented.

So much for the teacher. As for the boys, there were ten of them, no two alike, — some bright, some stupid, but all interesting in their several ways to Miss Bradford. Malcolm was of Scotch blood; his mother and father were born near Glasgow. He had inherited from them a certain imaginative, almost spiritual way of looking at things, which was quite different from the other boys. He had a habit of always verifying what Miss Bradford told them, if it were a possible thing to do so; and in most cases he succeeded. He tried experiments with his electric batteries and blow-pipes, and the texts he had to learn once a week were experimented on as well.

One Sunday came a lesson upon Christ choosing his disciples; and Miss Bradford told them of his walking by the Sea of Galilee, and finding there Simon and Andrew, the two brothers, who were fishing, and how they left their work and followed Jesus when he bade them come that he might make them "fishers of men." That expression, "fishers of men," none of the boys quite understood, until Miss Bradford told them it meant to gather their neighbors around them as they would gather their fish in nets, away from their bad habits and evil ways, to a gentler kind of living; that by being honest and true themselves, they would incline others to be better men and women. Then she told them that what Christ said to Simon and Andrew was meant just as much for us now-a-days; and that even small children could do a little of that kind of fishing.

"Can we fish for boys as well as for men?" asked Malcolm.

"Oh, yes; for any one, it makes no matter whom," said his teacher.

Malcolm's thoughts turned immediately to Ben Mason. Now, Ben Mason went to his day-school, and was one of the most disagreeable boys there. He particularly disliked Malcolm, and was always annoying him by hiding his books or eating his luncheon, and altogether he was as hard to get along with as any boy in the town. So far Malcolm had paid him back in not always the most Christian way, and once they had had an out-and-out fight in the yard after school. He had been heartily ashamed of this, and the next morning he meant to tell Ben so; but Ben did not come to school that day, and when he did, a fortnight later, it was such an old story that Malcolm gave up the idea.

On this particular Sunday, as Malcolm walked home by himself, he was thinking about the fishing lesson, and wondering if Miss Bradford would mean him to fish for fellows as bad as Ben. "In the first place," he said to himself, "how could I catch him? I shouldn't know what to do!" Then his thoughts wandered to the brook down in the meadow where he had often caught real fish with hook, line, and bait. "That's it," he said, "it takes bait, — fishes never come without a worm or a snail; and so, I suppose, if I want to catch a *boy* I must have some bait for him too!" He laughed out loud as he thought of this, for the whole idea struck him as very funny. "But then it is worth trying," he went on. "Miss Bradford is always right, and I'll try to-morrow."

Malcolm took the matter of bait very literally at first, and decided to take the largest orange he could find at home, and give it to Ben in recess. So when eleven o'clock came, and the boys were starting for a half hour's play, he discovered that his luncheon had disappeared again, the only thing left being the orange he had dropped into his bag. But, strange to say, he did not seem to mind this as much as usual, for seeing Ben in one corner of the school-yard by himself, he went up to him, and holding out the orange, said, "Want an orange, Ben?" It sounds very easy to do this, but Malcolm did not find it so at all; he would have liked to back out when he was half way across the yard, but he didn't; something made him keep on.

Ben's look of astonishment was genuine; he did not believe that he heard aright, but when Malcolm said again, "Take it quick! it's a prime one, and I want to kick foot-ball with the other boys," he reached out his hand and seized it, and in an instant Malcolm was gone.

The orange proved to be a prime one as Malcolm had said, and Ben ate it in much bewilderment of mind, thinking all the time, "I suppose I'll have to pay for it later; Carrick never lets a fellow off as easy as this." For the rest of the day the two boys did not meet except in lessons, when Ben as usual stumbled through his arithmetic, and only saved himself from reaching the bottom of the class by a chance guess at the answer, which luckily proved to be correct.

The next day Malcolm ate his own luncheon in peace, — not a cookey was misplaced. Having the evening before made some caramels he brought these to school and divided them among his friends, Ben coming in for his share. This lasted for nearly a week; then his bait seemed to give out, for he found that Ben was beginning to expect these treats every day, and did not like it if caramels were not a part of the regular luncheons.

"It does n't seem to work very well now," said Malcolm. "I wonder if I cannot change the bait somehow; my fish knows the fly when he sees it, and is skilful enough to catch that with his mouth, without the hook catching him. I must try something else." He racked his brain for ideas that night as he lay awake in his bed, and then suddenly exclaimed quite aloud, "Arithmetic 's the thing!"

"What 's the matter with you, Malcolm?" asked his brother Duncan, who was waked up by this loud exclamation, "What are you talking about?"

"Fishing."

"Are you crazy?" said his brother; "turn over and go to sleep!"

"Not a bit of it," replied Malcolm; and he chuckled to himself at his thoughts.

The next day was Wednesday, and on his way to school Malcolm met Ben, whom formerly he had avoided; but this morning he joined him.

"I say!" he began, "do you know there's fine skating in the hollow?"

"I guess I do," said Ben; "I was there the whole afternoon yesterday. Stand on your head when you have such news as that to tell; and a great lot *you* know about it, — you were n't there yourself."

"I know I was n't, — I had my arithmetic to learn for the examination; but Duncan told me."

Ben gave a sudden start. "By jingo! I forgot all about it; but no matter, I'll get through somehow. I ain't agoing to miss prime skating like that, for arithmetic or anything else!"

They were near the school-yard, around which was a high fence, a favorite resort for the boys in playtime. They would sit astride the upper board, blowing beans at unconscious passers-by; or, calling the yard a fortress, half the boys would stand outside and storm the ramparts, pelting their enemies with snow-balls. The weather being cold, some of their "ammunition," as they called it, had lasted until this time; and now as the two boys came up behind the fence, Ben proposed to Malcolm, as well as to three other boys who had joined them, to make a raid on the snowballs and throw them over the fence into the yard, and hit any boy they could as he went into school.

"All right, let 's," said James and Harry and Bertram; "and it 'll give them something to do to make more snowballs."

Malcolm hesitated a moment; but the fun was too good to be lost, and he did not stop long enough to think of the unfairness of the whole proceeding. Over went the snowballs, and down went the heads of the boys behind the apple-tree after every throw. More boys joined them, and the balls flew thick and fast.

"Let's see who can come nearest the old hornets' nest under the eaves," exclaimed Malcolm, excitedly.

They all hit wide of the mark at first; but just as the bell was about to ring, Malcolm cried out, "See this ball go and knock the nest into pi!" The bell rang loudly from the open door; at the same moment a snowball went swiftly through the air, but instead of reaching the eaves, it crashed through a large pane of glass in one of the school-room windows.

"Won't you catch it!" exclaimed the boys, as they rushed wildly toward the school for fear of having a tardy mark. They were met inside the door by Mr. Stultz, the teacher, who was asking each boy in turn who had thrown the snowball; he looked very angry, and his severe expression was always dreaded by the boys.

Little Peter Paul said he had seen eight or ten fellows hiding behind the fence, and one of them was the fellow who did it.

"Do you know who they were?" asked Mr. Stultz.

"Yes, sir," said the boy; "there were Ben Mason, James Binney, Harry Fenno, Malcolm Carrick, Bertram, and Clinton."

"That will do, my boy, take your seat;" and Mr. Stultz called the school to order.

There was silence all over the large room, broken finally by the teacher, who in cold, clear tones said severely, —

"Will the boy who broke that pane of glass please stand up?" Not a boy moved. "I know who the boys were who were engaged in throwing snow-balls, and I shall ask them in turn. James Binney did you do it?"

"No, sir," decidedly.

"Ben Mason?"

"No, sir," a little less decidedly.

"Bertram French?"

"No, sir," in a very faint voice.

"Malcolm Carrick?"

"No, sir, I did not do it."

"Clinton —" but Mr. Stultz went no further; for there was a subdued "oh!" from all the boys.

"What is the meaning of this?" asked the teacher.

"Nothing!" they answered.

"There *is* something. Did Carrick throw the

ball that broke the window? I request you to speak at once."

"We think so, sir, but we are not certain," came from James Binney.

"What makes you think so?"

"Because he asked us to look at him throw a ball that would hit the hornets' nest, and the ball hit the window instead."

"Thank you, Binney," said Mr. Stultz; "now, Carrick, what have you to say for yourself?"

Malcolm rose suddenly and looked Mr. Stultz squarely in the face, and spoke quite distinctly. "I said exactly what Binney told you, sir, every word; but I did not throw the ball. Your bell rang, and that prevented me."

"But the ball was thrown by somebody; it looks very suspicious," continued Mr. Stultz.

Each one in turn said he thought Malcolm did it; but Malcolm insisted that he was perfectly innocent, and was speaking the truth.

"Do you know who did it, then?" asked the teacher.

"I am quite sure that I do, but I do not wish to mention his name."

The boys were questioned and cross-questioned, but nothing satisfactory could be discovered. All the evidence was against Malcolm; and yet having always been known as a truthful boy, Mr. Stultz could not believe him in the wrong this time.

"I am very much grieved at the whole proceeding," he said at last. "The broken pane is nothing in comparison with the lie which is being told now by some one of you ten boys. I cannot say anything more, but I pray that the guilty boy may come and confess to me before the day is over."

But no confession was made. Malcolm looked dreadfully troubled, and kept by himself; his friends were a little cool towards him, all but Clinton and Bertram, who came and told him they should believe in him no matter what happened, and begged him to tell who the boy was. But on this point he was firm.

"But, Malcolm," said Bertram at last, "do you realize that by not telling, you put suspicion on nine innocent boys, whereas only one is guilty?"

Even this did not move Malcolm. "Boys," he said, with a decided quaver in his voice, "my not telling can't hurt you. I am the only one Mr. Stultz thinks guilty; you are all free." His sentence ended in a big sob, and he turned away and walked home all alone.

Malcolm told everything to his mother that evening — everything but the boy's name; and she believed that her son told her the truth.

"It is very hard for you, my dear," said his mother, "but I know that boy will confess sometime; he must, and then you will be free from all blame."

It was hard to keep strong and brave when he was looked on with suspicion, and Malcolm had a very unhappy week; all thoughts of the fishing he had been trying quite left his mind, until one day he overheard Ben saying to himself, "I never can pass the arithmetic examination, and what shall I do?" Then all the lesson that Miss Bradford had told him came back again.

"Look here, Ben," said Malcolm, touching him on his shoulder, "if you'll be at home at five this afternoon, I'll come around and help you through with your decimals. They are really easy when you get the hang of them."

Ben looked at Malcolm with open-mouthed astonishment. They had n't seen much of each other since the day of the accident.

"I don't need any help," said Ben, sullenly. "I can get along."

"But I heard you say just now you would n't be able to pass the examination, and that would be a pity!"

"You would n't care," said Ben, uneasily; "and besides, I 'm in a hurry and don't want to be kept waiting." He ran away, and left Malcolm to put on his coat and hat, and trudge up the road by himself.

"Oh, dear, how hard it is!" sighed the boy. "I 've a good mind to give it up;" and then he remembered something Miss Bradford had told him about forgiving a person, not once only, but "seventy times seven," and "I have n't tried it *seven* times even," he thought. He turned the corner of the road and met Bertram French going to the store.

"Were you kept after school, Malcolm?"

"No, indeed; why?"

"Because you 're late; what were you doing?"

"Oh, fishing," said the boy, with the first merry twinkle in his eye since the unfortunate Wednesday.

"Fishing in January!" said Bert, laughing; "what do you mean?"

But Malcolm would not tell; and that remark was put down to swell the long list of remarkable ideas and fancies the Scotch boy had brought with him from Glasgow.

So the days lengthened, the snow vanished, and examinations were close at hand. Ben's lessons in arithmetic had been slowly improving of late. Mr. Stultz had spoken of it, and the boy had taken the commendation in a sullen way. But that this improvement was owing to Malcolm Mr. Stultz had not the faintest idea, and Ben hardly knew it himself; but often when he had sat, pencil in hand, not knowing what to do next, the Scotch laddie would look over his shoulder and tell him to multiply the divisor by seven, or find the square root of a given number, as the case might be; and so without asking for help, he received it willy-nilly, and consequently was more correct in his examples.

With all the fishing and the tempting bait offered to Ben Mason, he proved however to be a very hard fish to catch. He did pass his examinations, or rather stumble through them, and so was not obliged to stay behind, but went into the next room with his class; but all this time he seemed uneasy whenever Malcolm came near.

At last, one early March day, Ben did not come to school, and the news spread that he had pneumonia and would be away some weeks. Nobody was especially sorry for his absence, for he did not have warm friends, and his tormenting pranks were gladly missed; in fact, there was now more peace among the boys than there had been for a long time. And yet Malcolm truly felt sorry for Ben, and knew how anxious his mother must be. She was a widow and quite poor, and Ben did all her errands. Malcolm went around by her house that day on his way home, and seeing Mrs. Mason chopping wood in the shed, stopped to ask how Ben was getting along.

"While you tell me, I 'll split the kindlings for you," he said brightly. "And here 's a letter for you which I found at the post-office."

Mrs. Mason wiped a tear out of one corner of her eye as she thanked him for what he was doing for her, and said Ben was still pretty sick.

"Now, don't you fuss about your wood," said Malcolm, laying down the axe. "I 'll see that it 's chopped every day."

And every day it was chopped to just the right size.

"I do believe," Malcolm thought at last, "I have found the right kind of bait to catch Ben with. I must put his mother at the end of my line. He may take her when nothing else would do any good."

Yes, there was the soft, tender part of Ben's nature. He loved his mother, and just that love would be the saving of him in the end. He did n't know, as he lay wearily in his bed, tossing about in distress of mind and body, that just in the other room somebody was trying to take his place and to make his mother's life a little less hard; but when the color began to come back into his cheeks and he knew he would be well again soon, then he heard from his mother all that Malcolm Carrick had been doing for her, — of the countless little errands at the store, of the water he had brought from the well, and the wood he had chopped; and when Ben heard this he was so weak that he fairly cried and hid his head under the bed-clothes, for he had had plenty of time to think while he had been sick.

"Oh, Mother, what makes him so kind and good," he sobbed, "when I 've been so mean to him? I've been worse than you can imagine."

"I hope not, my boy," said his mother, tenderly.

"Oh, but I have! and what can I do, what can I do?"

"Tell him all about it. He 's coming up the road now, and I'll let him see you to-day. He has been asking to come in, but you have not been strong enough."

"I can't see him, Mother, I am ashamed!" and the boy clutched his mother's dress to prevent her leaving the room.

"Ben, dear," she said, quite gently, stooping and kissing him, "if you have done Malcolm a wrong you will feel better to speak to him about it. He can't bear you any grudge, or he would not have been so kind to me. Let me go."

"Then tell him I broke the pane of glass. Tell him *that*, and he will never want to see me again. Go, Mother, quick!"

Just five minutes later the door of the bed-room opened slowly, and Ben heard the merriest voice he had heard for a long time, saying, —

"Hullo, old boy! How are you? Pull yourself out from under the bed-clothes, and let me quote your own words, 'Stand on your head when you have any news to tell.' I knew you broke the glass all the time. I saw you do it, so don't let 's say anything more about it. But let me tell you, you 've got to get well in double-quick time; for there 's to be a show in the gymnasium in May, and we all want you in the tug-of-war. Bertram and Clinton sent you their love and these oranges, with the hopes you 'll soon be better; and I must go right away now, or I'll make you sick."

Malcolm rattled this all off at the top of his speed, for he was excited and hardly knew what he said, only wanting to cover up his shyness. Out from under the bed-clothes came a pair of large, moist-looking eyes, and a very white, thin hand followed.

"I've been a beast," said a trembling voice, "and a coward; but here 's my hand on it that I'll never do it again."

"Oh, that 's nothing!" answered Malcolm, not knowing exactly what to say, and of course hitting on the wrong thing; but he put his brown, muscular hand in the sick boy's, and gave it a gentle squeeze. "Now we 're all fair and square."

"Not till I've told Mr. Stultz. I don't feel easy about it."

(*Continued on page* 158.)

Our Letter-Box.

ENIGMA XXXIX.

I am composed of 26 letters.
My 9, 15, 14, 18, is an herb.
My 2, 3, 4, 5, 20, is something we have for breakfast.
My 21, 22, 24, 12, is the middle of the day.
My 2, 15, 14, 26, are made into paper.
My 4, 13, 14, 25, are parts of a chair.
My 2, 6, 7, 8, is a band for the finger.
My 10, 11, 23, is a boy's name.
My 17, 15, 16, is a covering for the head.
My 19, 1, 6, 7, we do not like to see on holidays
My whole is a proverb.

Jessie Bishoprick.

ENIGMA XL.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 19, 11, 21, 2, is a support of the human race.
My 21, 7, 22, 7, is a nickname.
My 8, 5, 9, 6, 14, 8, 3, is an action we are apt to perform when we are sleepy.
My 1, 20, 17, 23, is an object of feminine curiosity and admiration.
My 17, 14, 15, 15, 4, 13, we see on the ocean when the wind is high.
My 13, 4, 12, 16, 9, is an auxiliary of a verb.
My 10, 18, is a personal pronoun.
My whole is a wise saying.

Kathleen Warren.

ENIGMA XLI.

I am composed of 58 letters.
My 51, 52, 20, 1, 5, 42, 14, 11, 15, is a name of a magazine published by our denomination.
My 23, 2, 31, 53, 57, 34, is a large plateau in Asia.
My 40, 35, 45, 26, 5, is a city on the same plateau.
My 38, 39, 58, 46, 34, 35, 15, 23, 14, 50, 25, 12, 43, 44, is a city in Turkey.
My 48, 37, 4, is a pronoun.
My 30, 28, 8, 21, is to see.
My 32, 54, 3, 6, is a color.
My 19, 22, 17, 18, 16, 52, is to diminish.
My 24, 55, 36, 7, 22, is a domestic animal.
My 13, 41, is a river in Europe.
My 47, 33, 11, 36, 29, — 54, 5, 23, is a troublesome and destructive animal.
My 38, 35, 56, 49, is an article of food which children are fond of.
My 8, 50, 27, — 10, 11, 43, 9, is a fraction.
My whole is a quotation from Kavanaugh.

Myrtie J. Follett.

ENIGMA XLII.

I am composed of 9 letters.
My 1, 7, 6, is the name of a people.
My 3, 2, 6, is something all girls ought to learn to do.
My 1, 4, 5, 9, is what all men should be.
My 8, 2, 6, is the name of a seat.
My whole is a verse in the Bible.

Ralph Stevens.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN NO. XVIII.

Enigma XXXII. Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might.
A Physiological Enigma. The temple of God is holy, which temple you are.
Enigma XXXIII. Bread.
Enigma XXXIV. Be kind to dumb animals.

For Youngest Readers.

KATIE AND THE WEE-WEES.

by frances arnold.

BABY Kate stood on the piazza watching Susy and George as they started for school with book-bags and lunch-baskets. Her eyes were full of tears, and the little lips quivered painfully. She could not understand why her dear playmates should go to that wonderful and mysterious place known as school, and she be left behind. It had happened now for four days, and Katie was full of sorrowful surprise. Mamma was busy in the kitchen, Papa out in the corn-field; the "freckled kitty" had gone on a mouse-hunt, and no one was at leisure to comfort the baby.

It was a lovely June morning. The sun peeped through the maple branches and lay in specks and dots over the grass. The flowers held up their dainty cups full of sparkling dew. But Katie did not feel happy, she seemed all alone. Sitting down on the steps she leaned her head on her hand, and the great tears began to plash down on her gingham apron.

"Wee-wee! wee-wee!" cried a soft voice.

Katie looked up, and there on the grass very near her was a little brown bird, its bright eyes glancing about fearlessly. Katie jumped up and clapped her hands in delight. But the bird at once flew away.

"Come back, wee-wee birdie!" cried the baby, running down the gravel walk with out-stretched hands. But birdie was already far away, and she could hear its sweet call provokingly from the meadows below the house.

Katie ran in to Mamma with shining eyes, flushing cheeks, and a great story to tell.

"Wee-wee birdie did come and talk to me," she cried joyfully.

"How nice!" said Mamma smiling; "but where is birdie now?"

"He runned away 'cause I clapped my hands," replied Baby sorrowfully, all the sunshine fading from her face.

"Perhaps if you go back and sit very still, the birdie may come again. Here is a bit of bread, dear; scatter the crumbs on the walk, and birdie may come and eat them."

So Katie took her bread and trotted back to the piazza. She scattered the crumbs as Mamma had told her, and sat down to watch.

For a long time Baby sat there, but no wee-wees came. The little head began to droop like some heavy flower. Katie was just gliding off into nodland when suddenly the sweet cry came again, —

"Wee-wee! wee-wee!"

The baby was awake in a moment. There on the gravel walk stood a brown bird, looking just like the wee-wee she had seen at first. She sat very still, almost holding her breath for very delight.

Birdie hopped about, turning his head first this way and that, as if trying to find out whether enemies were near, or friends. After a while he began picking up the crumbs.

Katie looked on as still as a mouse. In a moment another wee-wee came hopping over the lawn, and joined his friend. How they *did* eat, every once in a while stopping to give utterance to their sweet note!

Mamma came out while the feast was in progress and stood softly by, enjoying the fun as well as her baby did. When the last crumb had been eaten, the two birdies flew away singing, "Wee-wee! wee-wee!"

Then Katie danced up and down, crying, "They camed to see me. They are my wee-wees."

After this the child was never lonely. Her mind seemed fully occupied with her new friends. Every morning she saved bread from her breakfast and scattered the crumbs on the walk. Every morning the wee-wees came, sometimes four or five of them. They grew so tame that they hopped at the baby's very feet, and even ran over her dress.

One day Tim, the hired man, threw a stone at a robin who was helping himself to the cherries. Katie cried pitifully.

"Tim do hurt God's nice birdie," she said, looking up reproachfully into his face; "Katie can't love Tim any more."

Tim, who loved the baby better than his very life, felt much ashamed. "'Deed I won't again," he said to the little weeper; "now smile, Miss Katie, and kiss poor Tim, or he will cry."

So Katie kissed the rough cheek, saying with a pat, "Nice boy, if he don't hurt the good birdies again."

Susy told Miss Brown about Katie's wee-wees, and the teacher said, "I think we must have a 'Band of Mercy' in our school. It will help us all to be kind to animals."

So a band was started. The children had pledge-cards upon which was written, —

"I promise to be kind to all harmless living creatures, and to protect them from cruel usage."

Very soon even the grown people noticed how kind and gentle the boys and girls were becoming to dumb animals. Birds were protected, and their nests guarded carefully. Pet cats, dogs, and rabbits were no longer neglected, and the eye of love and care seemed on everything.

Katie was very sad when the winter came and her wee-wees had flown away to warmer countries. But she became interested in the sparrows and chickadees, and scattered crumbs for them, until spring came again and the sweet "wee-wee!" of her friends was heard echoing through the grove.

A Visit from the Sea
①
Far from the loud sea beaches
Where he goes fishing & crying,
Here in the inland garden
Why is the sea-gull flying?
②
Here are no fish to dive for;
Here is the corn and lea;
Here are the green trees rustling
Flie away home to the sea!
③
Fresh is the river water,
And quiet among the rushes;
This is no home for the sea-gull,
But for the rocks and thrushes.
④
Pity the bird that has wandered!
Pity the sailor ashore!
Hurry him home to the ocean,
Let him come here no more!
⑤
High on the sea cliff's ledges,
The white gulls are trooping & crying,
Here among rooks and roses
Why is the sea-gull flying?

A VISIT FROM THE SEA.

History and Biography.

THE FIRST SISTER OF MERCY.

BY SARAH P. BRIGHAM.

CATHERINE MCAULEY was born in Dublin, Ireland, one hundred years ago. Her parents were stanch Catholics, lavish in their expenditures, with hearts overflowing with love for humanity. Around them were low, ignorant people, living in filth and hovels, and it was the custom of Catherine's parents to invite to their house every Sunday these unfortunate people, and give them such moral and religious instruction as would make their lives brighter and better. It was a motley company that weekly assembled at Mr. and Mrs. McAuley's, — beggars, children in rags, cripples, the vicious and ignorant; not one was too hardened or degraded to be passed by, and some who had none to pity or befriend them were rescued from shame and crime.

With such an example before her, it was not surprising that little Catherine should have learned in early childhood the power of love and mercy. Her parents died when she was only eleven years old; and as all her father's property had been lost, she went to live with a relative who was also very poor. Catherine often went cold and hungry, and these dark days of trial and want were never wholly effaced from her mind.

Catherine was nearly sixteen when a gentleman and his wife who had returned from the East Indies purchased a fine house near the family with whom Catherine lived. They soon became greatly interested in the handsome, attractive girl, and offered to adopt her, — the result being that she became an inmate of their home of art, beauty, and luxury. It was a great change in her condition in life, but wealth and position only stimulated her natural love for her fellow-men.

Catherine was never happier than when visiting the sick and helping the poor. She visited the parish schools of Dublin, and saw that many of the scholars were scantily supplied with clothing, and that they were too ignorant to know how to make themselves comfortable. She taught the girls to sew, to mend, and to knit, and a great change took place in their appearance. The children of other schools were taught in the same way, and wherever she went she was looked upon as a benefactor.

When the good people who had adopted Catherine died, she was left by will heiress of their entire property, — more than half a million of dollars. She had long seen the need of an institution where young girls could be taught to read, write, and sew, and have a safe temporary home when out of employment. With her money this cherished, noble project could be realized. She erected a building with three school-rooms, a chapel, and four large sleeping-rooms, for the education and benefit of poor young women. Her interest in her work was so great that it absorbed all her means and time. She sold the handsome house she had been living in, gave up her servants, horses, and carriages, and in very plain clothes took up her abode at the institution.

Orphans in filth and rags, girls of ignorance and want, took refuge in this home. None were too degraded to have an effort made for their moral elevation. Many ladies, who were like Catherine McAuley devoted Catholics, came to the institution and aided her in teaching the young. The work of love, once begun, was then carried out more fully when the ladies took upon themselves vows to give their lives to this holy cause of instructing and saving the wretched and ignorant.

The Pope at Rome gave Catherine McAuley and her fellow-laborers the name of "Sisters of Mercy," and a new order of nuns was established. Five years later the cholera broke out in Ireland, and six hundred was the average death-rate daily. The Sisters of Mercy went into the hospitals, and remained there, caring for the sick, till the disease had passed. Self was forgotten in their holy work for humanity.

Catherine McAuley lived fifty-four years. Her end was in accord with her noble life. Her last words were, "If I had thought death was so sweet, I should never have feared it." Smiling and joyful she passed on to the beautiful city of God.

FISHING FOR A BOY.

(*Continued from page* 155.)

"Well, just put it on paper," said Malcolm, "some day when you feel strong enough, and I'll give it to him."

"No, I can't wait a minute longer," said the sick boy. "Tell mother to bring her pen and paper. You sha'n't be thought guilty another instant! Oh, how can you ever forgive me?"

The letter was written, and Malcolm took it with him, and the next morning gave it to Mr. Stultz when he went into school. The teacher put on his glasses and tore open the envelope. Inside, on blue-lined paper, was written: —

MR. STULTZ:

DEAR SIR, — It was I broke the pane of glass, and Malcolm Carrick is perfectly innocent. If I had n't been a coward I would have spoken before. I am afraid I am too bad to be forgiven; but please let all the boys know Malcolm did n't do it.

Your respectful servant,

BENJAMIN MASON.

Mr. Stultz wiped his glasses with his handkerchief and put them in his pocket. Then when the bell had been rung, he said to the scholars, "Boys, I wish to tell you that the lad who broke the pane of glass in January has confessed his fault. He is truly sorry for not having spoken before, and wishes me to say to the whole school that Malcolm Carrick is free from all blame."

Oh, such a shout as went up from the schoolroom when Mr. Stultz said this! The boys gave three cheers, swinging their arms wildly in the air, and it was with difficulty that the teacher could be heard when he continued by asking pardon for having for an instant imagined Carrick to be untruthful, and saying, "I am glad to know that he is, and always has been, a strictly honest fellow."

More cheers followed, until Malcolm would have been glad to escape from it all; but he had to stay, and it was late before the boys were calmed down sufficiently to go on with their lessons.

Only four persons ever knew who the guilty one was. The secret was well kept; and when Ben came back again to school, he was welcomed by his companions, who were really glad to know he was well, although they dreaded his mischief and cross, ill-natured pranks. But, strange to say, he had changed to quite another boy, not at all perfect, but pleasant and friendly and honest. The boys found that they liked him after all, and he and Malcolm became fast friends.

"You don't talk so much about fishing now-a-days," said Bertram, a little later in the spring, "and just when the trout are coming, too."

"Oh, I may begin again," Malcolm laughed; "but I 've just caught my fish."

"What an odd stick you are!" said his friend. And he would have thought him odder still had he known that Ben Mason was the fish he was talking about.

"Miss Bradford is right again," thought Malcolm, as he left his companion; "but she never told me how hard it would be to catch a boy. But it pays in the end, if only you can find the right kind of bait!"

CHRISSIE'S VICTORY.

BY KATE S. GATES.

THERE was no mistaking the fact that Chrissie did like to lead; and truth to tell, she was a good leader, — whatever she undertook she carried out well. But then one does not always want to be led, you know.

"Chrissie is a tip-top girl," said Lou Benton, "if only she would remember that some of the rest of us would like our way once in a while."

"I know it," said Grace Porter; "I love Chrissie dearly, and I hate to provoke her, but I do think it is too bad for her to think that she must be President of the Lend-a-Hand Circle always. I am going to propose Lena Clarke this year."

"Oh, Grace!" exclaimed Lou, in dismay, "Chrissie will leave the Circle entirely if you do."

"I don't see why she should any more than the rest of us," answered Grace, sturdily. "She ought to be willing to do as she would be done by sometimes; if she is n't, she must learn to be."

"All very true, but she won't be; and furthermore I don't believe she will ever learn to be," said Lou, laughingly.

And Lou was right in her first supposition at least, Chrissie was anything but willing to yield her post of honor. When she first heard rumors of a proposed change she would not credit it; but when Grace came and told her frankly and pleasantly how it was, she was too surprised and indignant to say anything. But she went home in great haste and excitement.

"Oh, Mother Weston, did you ever hear of anything so shameful? — the girls are going to put Lena Clarke in as President of the Circle this year!" she exclaimed, as she burst into the sitting-room. "There I have been President ever since the Circle was formed; and just think how hard I have worked to make it a success."

"I know, dear, and I have no doubt that they all appreciate it; but probably they think some one else ought to have the honor and responsibility now."

"Very well," said Chrissie, angrily; "they may put me out if they want to, but I will have nothing more to do with it if they do."

Mrs. Weston looked at Chrissie sadly and earnestly. She was deeply anxious about this trait in her daughter's character, and longed to have her try to overcome it. She had often endeavored to talk with her about it, but Chrissie would pay no heed to her mother's words. Now Mrs. Weston felt that there was to be a crisis in her daughter's life; if she conquered, she might develop a grand, unselfish character, but if she yielded, she would strengthen her inclination to think only of herself.

"I must help my precious little daughter to learn to put self out of sight, and only strive to be brave, sweet, and helpful," she thought.

"Chrissie, dear, sit down by me, I want to talk with you about it," she said gently. Chrissie hesitated.

"Oh, Marmee, I see it in your eyes that you 'll side with the girls," she half sobbed. "How can you go against your little girlie? I thought surely you would sympathize with me!"

"So I do, darling, in some respects, but I do not think you ought to feel as you do. I want my little Chrissie to grow into a thoroughly true and beautiful woman. I want her to be lovely in character whether she is in feature or not; but she never will be while she puts self first. If you are all the time claiming the first place and wanting all the honors for yourself, you will grieve your Heavenly Father and disappoint me. Chrissie, can't you try with all your might just to be sweet and helpful; can't you try to do as you would be done by? If you care so much for the place, don't you think the others may care also; and why should you always have it? As Mrs. Whitney says in one of her books: 'Something gets crowded out always. And the deciding what it shall be is the great test of our life.' Chrissie, what shall it be with you; will you crowd out self, and put in its place true, earnest, loving purposes, or will you crowd those out, and live for your own selfish wishes?"

Chrissie went slowly up into her own pretty little room, and sat down by the window to fight it out. In a dim sort of fashion she too felt that it was a crisis in her life; but it was so hard for her to give up!

"I can't! I can't!" she sobbed. "And yet I do want to be truly good; I *do* want to please Mamma and — 'Our Father which art in Heaven.'"

The last words fell softly and reverently from her lips; and then, following a sudden impulse, Chrissie dropped on her knees and fought and won the battle there.

"It is going to be ever so hard," she said softly to her mother that night; "but I will try not to let my naughty self crowd out all the good. I will remember that, and it will help me."

"Isn't Chrissie Weston growing just too lovely for anything?" said Lou Benton to Grace Porter some time after this. "She has n't been like the same person since she gave in so beautifully about Lena's being President."

"I know it," answered Grace. "She does me good every time I see her; I think she is more Christlike than any girl I ever knew. I don't know but sometime she will forget that there is such a person as herself in existence."

XENOPHON AND THE MARCH OF THE TEN THOUSAND.

BY MRS. A. M. GANNETT.

THE story of Xenophon, the young Greek who was led into a war against the Persian king which he came to see was an unwise war, and his leading the Greeks joined with him back to their own country, is one of the most entertaining of ancient history. Many of the incidents of that long and toilsome march are very striking, and reveal traits of character well worth considering.

It will be best to give first an outline of Xenophon's connection with the expedition. He was a friend of Socrates. When asked to join the ten thousand Greeks engaged by Cyrus, brother of the Persian king, to accompany his troops, Xenophon sought Socrates for advice. He acknowledged that the direct object of the expedition was kept a secret, although it was presumed to be the acquirement of territory.

Socrates was unwilling to advise upon this uncertain project, and suggested consulting the oracle. Xenophon did so; but instead of asking if it were well for him to join Cyrus, he asked would he be fortunate did he join him. The reply seemed favorable. When Socrates learned this, he said that since the matter had been presented in that way and the reply so given, there seemed no course but for him to go.

But when the expedition had nearly reached Persia, the discovery was made that the object of Cyrus was to dethrone his brother, the king of Persia, and make himself king. The Greeks were filled with concern.

Artaxerxes, the king, whom news of the advancing army had reached, met Cyrus soon after, and in an engagement the invaders were repulsed, and Cyrus was slain.

The army thus being left leaderless, many of the troops of Cyrus joined the Persian king; but the ten thousand Greeks resolved to return to their homes. Artaxerxes, desirous of strengthening his ranks by their numbers, determined to prevent this. Assuming peaceable intentions, he invited their leaders to a council, and then he treacherously beheaded them.

The Greeks were nearly paralyzed by the helplessness of their situation. Surrounded by a wily enemy, hundreds of miles from home, in a strange country and knowing not the route of return, without provisions and without leaders, how were they to escape? This act of Artaxerxes showed the artifices and dangers to which they would constantly be exposed. No wonder that the night following the loss of their leaders was passed almost without sleep, and in the fear that they would never see home and family again.

But the spirit of young Xenophon rose as occasion for anxiety increased. Probably the fact that the oracle had foretold a favorable ending helped to inspire him. In a council called next day he made a glowing speech, in which he urged the Greeks to quell their fears and remember that they might yet return to their homes if they would summon up the determination that befitted them. He advised new commanders to be chosen, and the army to begin its retreat without delay. His advice was accepted, and he was chosen chief commander; but he modestly preferred another and more experienced leader, although he agreed to become one of the generals.

For some time after the retreat began they were harrassed by the legions of Artaxerxes, who followed and endeavored to cut off their advance. On one occasion their situation became unusually precarious. They had reached some heights, and the Persian army, by advancing in the night, had taken possession of the first of these, thereby preventing the Greeks from going on unless they passed beneath the discharge of their weapons. Xenophon observed that they did not occupy the summit, but only held possession of the side of the mountain. His quick eye saw a way by which he could lead a detachment to the top, and thus have the enemy in his power. He began to conduct the light-armed troops up the ascent. These light-armed troops bore shields made of skins stretched over frames, and javelins. The way was toilsome, and Xenophon cheered his men forward, telling them that their endurance was for the sake of their country, for the honor of the Greeks, and that they might revisit their homes. Some of the soldiers were dissatisfied; and one among them, Soterides by name, called out scornfully, —

"It is well, Xenophon, for you to talk of courage, who are well mounted, while we who go a-foot can scarcely bear up the weight of our shields!"

At this Xenophon sprang from his horse and ordered Soterides to take his place, while he toiled up a-foot with the rest. Xenophon was encumbered with armor and trappings, and to climb put him in great distress; but he kept on, shaming the discontent of Soterides and the rest, and presently arousing the compassion of all. They called to Soterides to go to the rear; they reviled him and stoned him, and the envious soldier was obliged to leave the ranks and follow at a distance; while the troops, having seen their leader mounted once more, enthusiastic and determined, pushed onward and gained the summit. The enemy were forced to abandon their position.

This manœuvre resulted in the Greeks obtaining possession of the passes, and they were now enabled to continue their way with far less molestation from the Persians.

We hear nothing further of Soterides; but we plainly see how true devotion on the part of Xenophon, called out through the envy of this soldier, secured advantages to the retreating Greeks at one of the most critical passages of their journey.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY CHILDHOOD.

BY LOUISA M. ALCOTT.

ONE of my earliest memories is of playing with books in my father's study, building towers and bridges of the big dictionaries, looking at pictures, pretending to read, and scribbling on blank pages whenever pen or pencil could be found. Many of these first attempts at authorship still exist, and I often wonder if these childish plays did not influence my after life, since books have been my greatest comfort, castle-building a never-failing delight, and scribbling a very profitable amusement.

Being born on the birthday of Columbus I seem to have something of my patron saint's spirit of adventure, and running away was one of the delights of my childhood. Many a social lunch have I shared with hospitable Irish beggar children, as we ate our crusts, cold potatoes, and salt fish on voyages of discovery among the ash-heaps of the waste land that then lay where the Albany Station now stands.

On one occasion the town crier found me fast asleep, at nine o'clock at night, on a door-step in Bedford Street, with my head pillowed on the curly breast of a big Newfoundland, who was with difficulty persuaded to release the weary little wanderer who had sobbed herself to sleep there. I often smile as I pass that door, and never forget to give a grateful pat to every big dog I meet; for never have I slept more soundly than on that dusty step, nor found a better friend than the noble animal who watched over the lost baby so faithfully.

My father's school was the only one I ever went to. I never liked arithmetic or grammar, and dodged these branches on all occasions; but reading, composition, history, and geography I enjoyed, as well as the stories read to us with a skill which made the dullest charming and useful. "Pilgrim's Progress," Krummacher's "Parables," Miss Edgeworth, and the best of the dear old fairy tales made that reading hour the pleasantest of our day. On Sundays we had a simple service of Bible stories, hymns, and conversation about the state of our little consciences and the conduct of our childish lives which never will be forgotten. —*Youth's Companion.*

Teachers' Department.

WHAT THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL IS FOR.

BY EDWARD EVERETT HALE, D.D.

[We hope everybody, whether young or old, who sees this page of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY will read this article, and then lend his paper to others who are not in the Sunday-school as pupils or teachers. — EDITOR.]

IN opening the Sunday-school to-day, some fifty of us, who have undertaken that line of the education of those younger than we are, renew, as best we can, our consecration for such service, and look in the face the responsibilities and difficulties of the winter. Here shall be one hour of Sunday, where any child who is big enough to leave home shall find out what Sunday means, and what it is for, in exercises fitted for a child. For those who are older, there shall be an hour spent here which may serve to gild other schooling or other occupation. It shall assert, week by week, the value of character, and the way to form character; it shall try to make life more firm and true; it shall train manhood and womanhood. One is sometimes told that the results of such training do not appear at once. Perhaps not; no one ever said they should. But all history and all life are unanimous in the declaration that men and nations and generations prosper where there has been fit care for moral education; and that they fail and are ruined, if the education attempted has been mere instruction in facts, or discipline of men's wits, or training of their bodies.

Moral education, — the training boys and girls to live. Other ages have discovered continents, or have organized States. This century has taught men how to travel faster, how to raise more wheat, how to print, how to telegraph, how to record sight and sound. It is for the next age to teach boys and girls, men and women, how to live. And such a concerted effort as this which at twelve o'clock to-day will bring together thirty or forty classes in the rooms below is simply an effort with this infinite design, — that the children may believe that the wisdom from on high is first pure, that it is peaceable, gentle, and easy to be entreated, that it is without partiality and without hypocrisy. *The art or science of being manly; the art or science of being womanly, — that is what the Sunday-school designs to teach, or to communicate by its contagion.*

A very wise minister asked a young man to take a class in his Sunday-school. He received in reply the usual formula, — that the young man did not know enough. "I did n't suppose you did," said my wise friend. "I have not asked you to teach these children any doctrines or facts which you have committed to memory, or which they are to repeat after you. What I hope for is this, — that you can give four or five street boys such care on an hour of Sunday as to make their Sunday afternoon a pleasure. Why, if you will read them the 'Swiss Family Robinson;' if you will explain to them to-morrow's school lesson; if in any wise you will win their confidence and love, — in that hour they will have learned the central lesson of life; they will have learned that love is the ruler of life." Not that the young man could teach that lesson in words, — Saint John could not do that; but he could make it real in life. And that is what Saint John did. How many a man, how many a woman, in calm and happy and successful life to-day, would teach us the other half of that story? How often when you are sounding memories with some friend, he says to you, "Yes, the turning-point with me was when such a one or such a one encouraged me, and started me. He seemed to think I was worth helping; and I — I was not ten years old; but from that moment I have been a man."

We give one hour to-day to the Sunday-school lesson, and to-morrow the children will go to other schools, and before another Sunday will give twenty-five or thirty hours to geography and arithmetic, to physiology and music, to French and German and Latin and Greek. But they shall not think the importance of these things is measurable by time or by quantity. The Californian drives his shaft a mile through the granite before he comes on a strip of ore ten inches through; he knows the worth of one hour spent on the best, as compared with a hundred hours spent on mere accessories. This hour spent on the best, in our class rooms, — on the Bible, on the best biographies, on the best poetry, in the study of Nature and in the study of history, — shall gild and glorify the week that it begins. It ought to give a higher tone to other study; it ought to make play more kindly, less quarrelsome, victory more easy and defeat less irksome. We will try all of us, the young and the old, to remember in the Sunday-school that this is what it is for, and this is why we are there. We come there to learn to live. Not many masters, — for one is our master; not a hard law, — for we have the master's life, as stimulus as well as example, the whole range of God's word and God's work to study in, and life, pure, strong, healthy, and happy for our reward.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL INTELLIGENCE.

FROM the Manual of the *Young People's Guild* of the Third Religious Society (Unitarian), of Dorchester, Mass., we take the following statement of the objects for which the Guild is formed: —

1. To attend all meetings of the Church, the Sunday-school, and the Guild, unless unavoidably prevented, and to take part heartily and reverently in the services.

2. To attend the Communion Service, entering into the spirit of the occasion, whether partaking of the emblems or not.

3. To be truthful in speech, pure in deed and thought, patient and kind in acts, and to be always ready to do any religious work which they may be called upon to do, by the Guild or otherwise.

4. To be loyal to the Guild, doing all in their power to make it useful; to feel a special obligation to be true to other members of it, and to encourage them in right living.

5. To read the Bible regularly and reverently.

6. To engage in morning and evening prayers.

The officers of the Guild for 1888 are: *President*, Mr. William L. Walsh; *Vice-President*, Miss Mary Talbot; *Secretary*, Miss Addie Libby; *Treasurer*, Mr. Harry Pope.

CONNECTED with the Unitarian Church at South Scituate, Mass., is a young people's society of a kindred nature to the Societies of Christian Endeavor and the White Cross. It has taken the name of "The Guild of the Good Shepherd." This church and its Sunday-school carry on a mid-week Bible-Class, a Pamphlet Mission, and a Union for Christian work. There is also a Confirmation Class for those who desire to know about the Christian life and truth as a preparation for joining the church.

A NOVEL and interesting feature of the work of the Plymouth Church in Indianapolis, Ind., is the Monthly Illustrated Sermon on the Life of Christ, given by the Pastor, with stereopticon views.

THE Unitarian Sunday-school in Brattleboro', Vt., are preparing an entertainment of tableaux illustrating Mr. Hale's beautiful story, "In His Name."

A CORRESPONDENT from Humboldt, Iowa, writes of Mrs. Wells's "Outlines and Charts" published by the Unitarian Sunday-School Society: —

"This book I find very suggestive and helpful. Our assistant superintendent gave an excellent review of the book at the Davenport Conference, pointing out the great need of work in that direction. . . . I wish some one would have another inspiration in the same line giving us maps and charts."

IN the last number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY the quotation from Story's "Io Victis," at the end of the article on "Lovejoy," should have read at the beginning of the third line, "*The martyrs, or Nero,*" instead of "The martyr or hero." We quote in full: —

"Speak, history! who are life's victors? Unroll thy long annals and say.
Are they those whom the world called the victors who won the success of a day?
The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell in Thermopylæ's tryst,
Or the Persians and Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates? Pilate, or Christ?"

IN our next number we shall give a report of the closing meeting of the Unitarian Sunday-School Union. The addresses by members of the Visiting Committee were so interesting and valuable that we hope to give the substance of all of them in future numbers of our paper.

A REPORT of the grand mass meeting of our Unitarian Sunday-schools held May 30 (Memorial Day) will also be one of the features of No. XXI. of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

The uniform subscription price of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY is *forty cents* a year; but subscribers residing in the Boston postal district must send twenty cents additional for postage. All members of Sunday-schools who subscribe for the paper, will receive their copies in the package sent to their schools.

PUBLISHED BY THE

UNITARIAN SUNDAY-SCHOOL SOCIETY,

25 BEACON STREET, BOSTON, MASS.

University Press: John Wilson & Son, Cambridge.